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upon the mill, despite of the presence of the Evil One, the same awful text still rang in his ears, "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The pains of hell got hold upon him, and in the agonies of a late repentance he prayed for forgiveness and mercy. The Devil grinned in mockery, but just then little Hans, who had been running about into all the holes and corners, delighted with the magnificent building he found so unexpectedly in so extraordinary a place, ran up to his father, exclaiming, "Oh, papa, papa, did you ever see so beautiful a mill! only there's no gudgeon-stone for the axle to play in, and the upper mill-stone waggles in its socket." A drowning man will catch at a straw—the miller, breathing a prayer to Heaven for his deliverance, insisted strongly that the Devil had not fulfilled his bargain: the enemy maintained he had, but, after a long and fierce debate, which was purposely lengthened out by the miller for the end he had in view, the Infernal architect agreed to finish the dispute, by supplying the deficiency which the boy's sagacity had discovered so opportunely. He flew away for this purpose, and was in the act of alighting on his return, with the missing stone in his claw, when the miller's cock was heard distinctly crowing at day-dawn in the vale below. "Vade retro Sathanas," shouted the exulting miller, the demon vanished in a thunder-clap which overset the mill, and shook the surrounding hills to their foundations, while the miller's wife, and his boy Hans, jogging him at the same moment in the bed, asked him "What he was trembling, and sweating, and grunting for, in his sleep, at that rate?"

We shall not absolutely take upon us to affirm that the story ever appeared in this form before, indeed we have a shrewd suspicion that we have been inventing most part of it, whilst we wrote, but we think it is nearly as good as the Magazine story at all events, in which the Devil's defeat is made to turn on the trite incident of a command to twist a rope of sand, which, baffling him, compels him to give in.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, February 8, 1830.

You will be gratified to hear, that notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in the way of Science and Literature by the old court party, they continue to make gradual way, and the Royal Family have good sense enough to feel, that in proportion as they encourage the Arts and Sciences, their own reputation and power will encrease. Since the beginning of the year, more than twenty new periodical papers, chiefly devoted to Science, have appeared in different parts of France and in Paris, all those which were well conducted have met with good success. The *Globe*, which has hitherto appeared only twice a week, is now to be published every day, and two new Literary Papers are announced to commence in March or April. There is indeed one great advantage possessed by the projectors of periodical papers in this country, which is denied to you in England. In France, for a very small additional sum, all periodical works are distributed throughout the country by the post office, so that for a sum less than what is paid for the stamp alone in England, the inhabitant of Bordeaux or Marseille may receive a Paris paper—with this great

facility, it is not to be wondered at, that newspapers and periodicals devoted to Literature and Science, encrease and prosper. There is now scarcely any profession in France which has not a Journal exclusively devoted to it. The law has two daily papers, the medical profession has two or three, the Drama has not less than ten, and each of seven or eight handicraft professions, has either a daily or a weekly Journal. There is another very gratifying thing to notice, as connected with the French periodical press. In Great Britain, gentlemen connected with the press are obliged, as it were, to create for themselves the distinction in society, to which their talents and pursuits fairly entitle them. The aristocracy of birth, attempting to treat them with disrespect, and the aristocracy of wealth frequently acting with rudeness and insult towards persons of great mental superiority. In France, the case is very different, there is here no better passport to good society than the reputation of being connected with a respectable political or literary periodical, and any person however exalted his rank, or however enormous his wealth, who should be guilty of disrespect towards a *Littéraire*, would himself be considered unworthy to mix with good society; this feeling is not confined to political party. In the salons of the ministers, as well as in the delightful *soirées* of General Lafayette, literary men are treated with such attention, that they never for a moment feel themselves ill at ease, or desire those distinctions of birth and property, which are but too frequently considered in England, the only certificates of fitness to mix with the upper classes.

The *Moniteur* of Tuesday and Wednesday last, contains an 18th letter from M. Champollion, dated Thebes. It would be impossible to give you within any reasonable compass an analysis of this letter, which fills several columns of the *Moniteur*. It is chiefly devoted to an account of the examination of the remains of Menephtheion, a large building constructed by the son and successor of Rhameses the Great, and of a mass of monuments surrounding it, which mark all the different periods of Egyptian history. In some of these ruins, M. Champollion found paintings in tolerable preservation, which have enabled him to give a long and interesting account of the manners and customs of the age in which they were executed. It must be allowed that this scientific traveller has accomplished his task with great skill and attention, he has indeed stated but few new main facts, because the ground had been already gone over by equally zealous but less able explorers of antiquity. But, however, for a complete history of the remains of Egyptian greatness, M. Champollion's work is very satisfactory.

Great attention is now paid by the French government, to the treatment of persons imprisoned for different offences; at the last meeting of the Royal Society for the improvement of prisons in France, at which the Dauphin presided, a circumstantial report was read, of the various works which had been executed in every department of the country, for the amelioration of the treatment of prisoners, from which it appeared, that the number of deaths among prisoners had been reduced from a proportion of one in ten, to only one in thirty. Their moral conduct had been considerably improved, and habits of industry had been so successfully cultivated, that in the course of the last twelve months, 15,000 prisoners had

earned 1,480,000 francs, of which 585,000 had been distributed among them, and 480,000 carried to the fund reserved for them on their discharge, so that when turned again upon society, they may not be driven by necessity to the commission of new crimes.

There have been no publications of interest since my last letter, the *Mémoires de Robespierre* excite a little attention, but as the relations of that extraordinary man declare positively that they are fictitious, and support their statement by some undoubted facts, they are not expected to obtain a very great sale: the last number of the *Revue Encyclopédique* is now before me, it contains some very long but admirably written articles on public education, and the attempt recently made to impede its progress, and there are also some good essays on political and moral science, but generally speaking, the work is rather dull. Under the head of Germany, there is an account of the comparative number of books published in France and Germany, from which it would appear that from the year 1814 to the year 1826 inclusive, there were published in Germany, 50,303 new works, and in France, 33,775, being an excess for Germany of 16,528, this excess is probably to be attributed more to the cheapness of the cost of production, than to the greater demand for mental food among the Germans. The same work contains a table of the number of suicides in the different provinces of Lombardy, from which it appears, that in Brescia there is annually one suicide in 120,256 inhabitants; in Lodi 109,410; in Como, one in 100,749; in Cremona, one in 72,747; in Milan and its territory, one in 53,238. The weather has lately been excessively severe; and some parts of the Seine at Paris were frozen, even a second time, which is considered an extraordinary occurrence, and at Rouen the navigation was again completely stopped. M. Arago, the celebrated astronomer, stated a few days ago, that towards the middle of the present month the cold would be greater than it had been at all, owing to the breaking up of the polar ice, which he says exerts a considerable influence on the atmosphere of Europe. This gentleman however, is, I think, destined to have his prediction falsified, for a thaw has come on, and there is every prospect of a total change in the weather,

London, February 10th.

The last week was a very dull one among publishers—there was not, indeed, a single book published worthy of notice. The second volume of Moore's *Byron* is expected to be ready in a few weeks. The first volume has lately sold so well, that, notwithstanding the high price paid to Mr. Moore, Mr. Murray is expected to clear a handsome sum by the undertaking. Mr. Power's Novel of the *Lost Heir* sells very well, and has met with kind treatment from the critics. The chief publishers' business since the meeting of Parliament is in pamphlets; not fewer than fourteen have appeared, within the last few days, upon the currency. Lord Palmerston has printed one on Mexico, which excites much attention; and last night Lord Rossmore published his appeal in behalf of the Ex-Parliamentary Peers of Ireland and Scotland. It is forcibly written. Several pamphlets on South America have appeared. Two of them are attributed to Madrid and Gorisitzta, the Colombian and Mexican ambassadors. Those are both very clever men, and

it is much to the credit of their respective governments that such representatives have been sent here. It is worthy of remark, that all the Republics choose for their ambassadors to foreign countries, men who have distinguished themselves in literature, whilst the old States send persons who are indebted for the distinction either to court intrigue or high birth.

The theatres are rather dull—at Drury-lane Kean's illness has thrown things into the shade; and at Covent Garden, Miss Paton, or rather Lady Wm. Lennox, does not draw such good houses as were expected. She has £20 per night for her performance. It is the intention of Lord Wm. Lennox to take his wife from the stage, when she shall have acquired, in funded or other property, such a sum, as when added to his own property, will yield £1500 per annum. The French theatre is by no means well attended, and the Opera people have made a bad beginning.—The prospect, too, is bad, for in consequence of the reduction of rents, it is supposed that the number of fashionable people now in town is not equal, by one half, to what it was at this season last year, and hundreds of families who usually come to town in February or March, intend to remain in the country.

The Literary Union Club goes on very well. It is proposed to raise the admission fee to ten guineas.

The weather is now delightfully mild—we have all suffered dreadfully from cold, and the distress among the poor has been horrible.—It is stated, by th' astronomer royal, that the thermometer at Greenwich, marked, on one day last week, (I forget which,) a greater degree of cold than had been known for ninety years.

The London Express, a new English paper, published in Paris, contains an account of a person, in the department of the Lower Seine, who slept from the 15th to the 31st of Dec. last, and he is said to have had frequent sleepings fits of equal duration.

### THE DRAMA.

On Saturday evening Lord Glengall's new Comedy, entitled "Follies of Fashion," was produced for the first time at our Theatre. We feel it unnecessary to enter into a detail of the plot, or advert to the particular merit of this piece, as both have already been amply discussed in the daily journals. Lord Glengall is already known to the public as a dramatic author, from his amusing Farce of the *Irish Tutor*—a production, we think, much more likely to hold a permanent place on the stage, than the present Play, which is certainly deficient in originality, and connected plot, though the various incidents are evidently adapted with much skill, to produce stage effect. Few of the ideas bear the stamp of novelty, but we must admit his Lordship has evinced much tact in displaying the fashionable follies of the present day.

In the Afterpiece, (*Der Freischütz*,) Mr. Horn appeared as Caspar: It would be unfair to offer any observations on his performance, as he evidently laboured under the effects of indisposition. We cannot, however, forbear to animadvert upon the very defective manner in which this noble effusion of Weber's genius was got up—the Opera itself appeared to have suffered much mutilation, and, with the exception of the Trio in the second Act, and the "Hours of Rapture," by Miss Byfield, we saw every

thing to censure in the musical department.—The choruses were miserably ineffective, and some of the female voices quite discordant.—We never heard the overture so badly performed, for the basses were weak, and the brass instruments out of tune.

Miss Smithson, with whose Jane Shore the French were so enraptured, is announced for Monday night.

A Bagatelle, translated from the French, called *A Husband's Mistake*, has been produced at Covent-Garden, in which Keely and Miss Ellen Tree sustain the principal parts. A Farce too, called *The Phrenologists*, has appeared, which has drawn forth the ire of some of the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim, through the columns of the *Times*. It holds up those demonstrators on the capita of the public, to most amusing ridicule.

Young, Kean, and Miss Philips, at Drury-lane, are dividing the attention of the English metropolis with Miss Kemble at Covent-Garden.

### MUSIC.

The Messrs. Hermann have returned to this city, and announced a Concert for the 12th instant—that for the benefit of Mrs. Blakeny, on Friday evening, we were glad to see well attended. Some of the vocal performers from the Theatre Royal lent their aid on the occasion.

It appears that Rossini's new Opera of *William Tell*, is to be produced at the opening of the King's Theatre; the fame of the great *Maestro* for originality, has been placed somewhat in jeopardy by a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Revue Musicale*, at Paris, by Monsieur Voizel, who accuses Rossini of adopting as his own, and introducing into the Opera in question, without acknowledgement, a Swiss Air, composed by a friend of Monsieur V. who resides at *Rouen*.

A new Opera, founded on Sir Walter Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*, the music by Caraffa, has been brought out at the Théâtre Italien, and, though aided by the talents of Sontag, Zucchini, and Donzelli, it has been but partially successful. The manager of the Bologna Theatre has been reaping a golden harvest by the performance of *Pasta*—Rossini attended the rehearsals of several of his own operas in which she appeared.

### POETRY.

#### MEMORY.—A FRAGMENT.

While others sweetly sing  
Of lights from memory cast,  
Which heavenly radiance fling  
O'er the pleasures they have past,  
Be mine to tell the sadness she brings,  
When her weary flight the steers,  
O'er the waste of cheerless years,  
And deep in bitter tears—dips her wings.

Age, in her peaceful vale,  
Where tranquil joy still dwells,  
May smile to hear the tale  
That memory sweetly tells,  
Of pleasures, which, in youth we have known:  
But joys less is the lore  
That memory hath in store,  
Of pleasures, which no more—are our own.

For, memory grief revives,  
When I think of joys gone o'er,  
As the shipwreck'd sailor views,  
From the tempest-beaten shore  
The bark that bounded, once, o'er the wave:  
Or the mother, whose chill tear  
Trickles down, if she hear  
The name of baby dear—in the grave.

L.

### TO ELODIE.

A GEM.

Nay weep not! mid those orbs of light,  
There surely is some world more bright—  
A world of bliss;  
To which our souls shall wing their flight,  
When done with this.

II.

And there, beneath its azure sky—  
The pain, the grief of days gone by,  
Will only seem,  
To memory's retrospective eye—  
Like a sad dream.

III.

And thoughts and words to memory dear,  
Which chilled by woe and sorrow here—  
Have perished,  
Shall surely be revived there,  
And cherished.

IV.

And hope which cheered us on our way,  
A transient flash—a meteor ray,  
Yet fondly prized,  
Will in those glorious realms of day,  
Be realized.

V.

Oh! when our spirits burst the chain,  
Which binds us to this world of pain—  
And from it sever,  
How sweet in bliss to meet again,  
And live—for ever!

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

I enclose the copy of an ancient ballad, from a source hitherto untouched. It was found among the papers of an eminent literary character, lately deceased; and I have no doubt of its antiquity, though I cannot determine its age. Your approval of its insertion will gratify your faithful reader and admirer,

H.

### THAE STORIE OF SEYNCTE DAVODD.

Whatte tym al merie Engelande,  
Net merie thaane alace,  
Thase Pictis revers oversprайд,  
Thilke storie came toe pas.

Thaire lyved yn Meneria,\*  
Ane verle halie wighte;  
Sike everich one dyd prayse him hie—  
Seyncte Davodd was he wighte.

Thae oedume of hys seynctie  
Spraddie al thase countrie throu';  
Bothe farre an wyde, ontyl it came  
Thae heythen leyder toe.

Nowe whanne thase Pictis monache herde  
Al peple praysye thias manne,  
Sathan's envie yer hys herte,  
E'en hym toe rayse beganne.

Thanne hee yn yre sed toe hymselfe,  
Thys Seynte shal their preaye inde  
Than mee, who at thaire armyes colde  
Soe ethie + overthrewre.

Straite thanne hee swar a mechtie othe,  
Ane mechtie othe swar hee,  
Thatte bee woldre of thys godelie manne  
Revengit routheles; bee.

Twaile wantoune wemyng fræ hys host,  
Maiste heofulise chis hee,  
An sed toe them, "wythe mikkel gouldie  
"Yee shal rewarded bee;

"Gif saythfulie whatte I desyre  
"Yee wil performe for mee.

"Theis saie thatte yn Meneria  
"Ane godelie Seyncte dos dwel;

"Eke of hys wonder § myraels  
"Thynges selconthe || doe theis tel.

"Goe tempit wythe wantoune werds an wyles  
"Thilke halie manne toe syn:"—  
Soc dyd hee spek—for Sathan was  
Hys wyckede herte wytthin.

Nowe marke howe Gode hys provydens  
Thilke Seyncte hys rescue wroughte;  
An howe thase wycked heythen, hee  
Yn hys owen snair was caughte.

Theye went, an maist allurynge artes  
Toe tempit hym wythe, theie tryed;  
Bot al theire connyuge artes an wyles  
Hys seynctie defyed.

Nowe, whanne theire wantoune werds an wyles  
Theis founde theire al yn wayne;  
Toe yeve ¶ themselves moe lybete,  
Straite madenesse their dud fygne.

Thanne syrat Seyncte Davodd raysed hys voyce,  
Fyrst turned his eyne on them;  
An theire, dismayed, hung downe theire heedes,  
Adredc toe loke at hym.

\* St. Asaph. † Easy. ‡ Terribly. § Wondrous.  
|| Strange. ¶ Give.